

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

September 2015

Parallel Lives

by (frozen) Art Blue

*Jaily Bailey
Supermodel*

Ground Zero

by Cassie Parker

with StarGazer Daylight

Dear Gudrun from
North Korea
Gudrun Gausman

Piece of Magic

by Cajsá Lilliehook

poetry, fables and more

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read rez Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **When New York Was My Country** We are happy to introduce a splendid poet to our pages, Simonetta Martella.
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- **What Color Was the Sky That Day** Jullianna Juliesse ponders the tragedy of lost innocence in her thoughtful poem.
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- **Jaily Bailey, The Road to Supermodel** StarGazer Daylight interviews the delightful, up and coming model.
- **So Long and Good Night** Mariner Trilling's poem is the perfect ending to our issue, leaving us breathless in the offing.

About the Cover:

Gem Preiz returns to our pages, this time in support of the not quite so dead Art Blue. Preiz is uniquely capable of capturing the scope and awesomeness of a frantic Future, which Art has been trying to warn us about for millenia.





Req

An Artistic Remembrance
the Survivors, and the



A TerpsiCorps ARTV

One Night Only: 7pm SL

Khatarra (59,

Requiem: A Tribute to the Victims, in the Aftermath of 9/11

Werks Production
September 10, 2015
(83, 2001)



Guerilla

award-winning dance
...and the

new season commences October



Fridays at

Burlesque

ance entertainment...
the occasional pasty

er 31st, or catch us at Burn 2



Idle Rogue

Each month this year, we are including one of the months from Bryn Oh's 2015 Calendar, which was produced by Art Blue with the help of Ziki Questi and Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to several of the most well-respected museums in the world, in his single-handed effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art



“With “Imogen and the pigeons,” Bryn takes us into a favorite motif, the hospital room, where Imogen’s digitally recorded life plays out in a post-apocalyptic world. Immersive art at its best.”

Jami Mills

september



Imogen and the Pigeons

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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“Chalk fingers sat for hours
engrossed
his fingertips tracing
things he longed for most

he would stay with each
but for a day
then at night
wash them away”



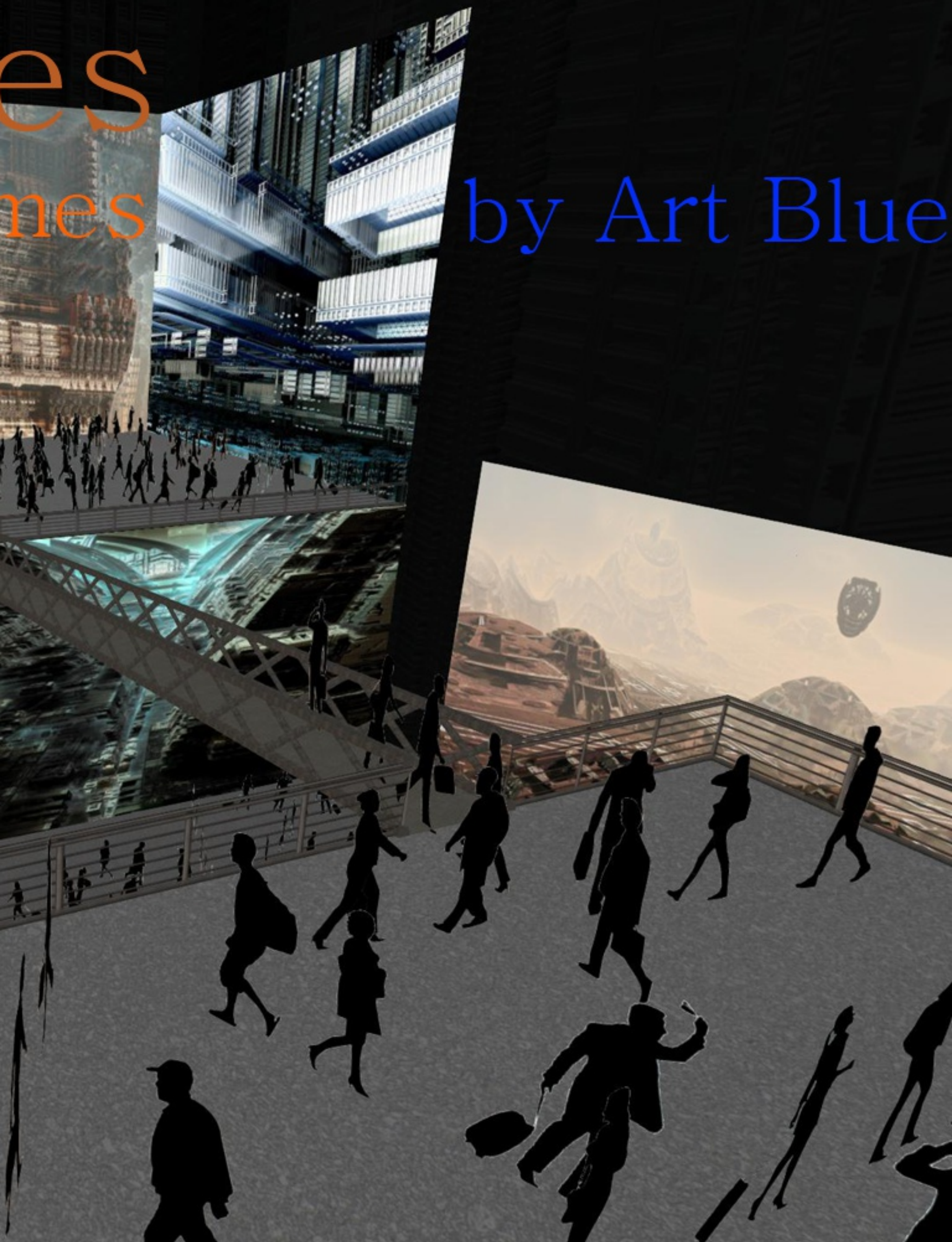


Parallel Lives

The Glory of Past Times

es
nes

by Art Blue



2500 Years Ago

I am a fisherman living in the heart of the Cyclades, an island called Paros. I have a loving wife, working hard as I do. I have two sons and one daughter. There have been strong winds some nights ago and my brother, also a fisherman, set sail to Antiparos against my advice. He is a redheaded one, risky as always, more as I ever have been. I must admit he won the fishing competition last year and got 15 ArtaCoin as price from the Praetor of Paronaxia. He is generous; he shared the price and gave a feast for all in our village. He is the youngest brother of the three of us, so you may understand it is now on me to travel to the Oracle of Delphi, as he did not return from fishing. His wife

and his daughter are crying all day long. The little one just turned eight. I searched - - we all searched - - but we did not find any signs. He might have drifted with a broken rudder to Naxos, or even further to Amorgos. Who knows? The Oracle knows it for sure, the Priest said. It knows the future of us all. Will he return? I have to bring back the truth from Athens, for his wife and his daughter's sake, and to find peace for myself.

1000 Years Ago

My life did not run as planned. The river I was living next to as a blacksmith no longer provided us with the salmon, as it used to every year as long as I could think back, my father could



think back, and his father, as he told me once. The Priest said it is God's will that we, the men of Woodlands Creek, have to go on a crusade to the holy lands. So, I became a warrior in the mission of God. Now, as I am old and see my life passing, many women who have come and gone, children I might have had, but never seen, promises I gave but never kept. I finally found a home. I learned to read and write, to watch the stars, to see the signs of the universe, and now I understand it all.

strange sort of elephant and a woman wearing a blue dress, half her face black. A ghost materialised next to all this. A sign of some halcydonia, a finger of mind craft, or of growing mad, but I felt so sure. I just have no words for this; signs not made by this world, just happening in this world I am. Broken or draft universe, I think, I feel, fits best. There, I found the Oasis of the Five Palms and the castle of New, where I am now as a scribe. We are brothers, all men, no women allowed,

I finally found a home. I learned to read and write, to watch the stars, to see the signs of the universe, and now I understand it all.

The river of my homeland was once polluted on purpose. I was forced to become a warrior out of greed for money for the ruling caste. Riches we stole, men we slaughtered, women we used, cities we burned to ashes, and finally, after no longer knowing where I was going, I found myself in the desert, crying, running out of water and food. I killed my camel to drink its blood and eat its meat. There I saw it. I saw the Golden Beetle.

And I went with my last energy towards the destination marked in the sand by a wind hose of particles. And after two days, the hose divided into a

we study day and night, we learn the secrets of life, of the universe, we meditate, we catch the spirits of the ancestors. I know now how the Oracle of Delphi once worked. I also have an idea of the sand storm that guided me here, but I don't dare to speak about this. I stay in the line of my order and look only back to the past. I shall report about a fisherman from Paros. The one who deciphered the way the Oracle worked in his time.

At the port of Delphi, known as the Golden Door, armbands are sold to the arrivals to secretly mark them. All with a spell of good hope it was said, all

handmade. They all look the same at first sight, but indeed there was code in the fabrics. The armbands sucked in perfume only young priestesses, specially trained, could smell when they welcome the pilgrims. Of course, there was money behind, each step towards the Oracle sucked the pilgrims out; they fell finally in debt, all this was done to get "The Truth" promised to be told by the Oracle.

The story of a fisherman of Paros I found written on old parchment. He was searching for his brother. A truly sad story, as he committed suicide at the mountains of Exomvourgo after he fell deep in debt for the sacrifice the Oracle demanded of him for "The Truth." The Priest of Tinos wrote it down in detail. This fisherman deciphered the code, but he could not tell anyone. It was no suicide, as it was said and written down to report to the High Priest of Delphi that everything is again right in place. I met his soul in my regression cycle. He came as a true believer to Delphi. The Oracle told him things of truth: where he came from; about his children and wife; but suddenly he became suspicious. He said at the port he had one son and one daughter, as he had heard the Oracle may ask for an additional payment if one has the luck of having two sons.

But evidence he got, as he was called Minos - - a name he used only on the

ship. That he was born as Callimachus, which means the one "fighting well" in Greek, no one shall notice. The Oracle seemed not to know at all about this. The name, the true name, of a man is so important. How can the Holy Oracle not know the name of a soul seeking "The Truth?" So, he tested the Oracle, but the test didn't go well. He had to run for his life to escape the hunters

I know it is a game,
you may call it, next
world call it Afterlife
I prefer to say: T

sent after him. Finally, there was no other way. He would never reach his beloved island, Paros. So, he faced his destiny and gave his body over to a sword he was offered by standing upright in his last breath. If he hadn't done this, he would have been branded as a thief and boiled in oil, his family slaughtered.

Now

I have to set up new game parameters. To do a relaunch. I was told I shall give the game more relevance. I am a game designer in your time. I have to see if you are ready for a totally new level of

insights. Let's call it a test. The last test was about 2,000 years ago, but the messenger was killed. Not many believed that water went to wine in a marriage ceremony, which was easily done by a synthetic taste applier. Mankind failed the test to get guided to a new level. The big sign, the rebirth of a biological life form, was stamped as a Belief and not as a real occurrence; not as "The

as I am in the, you
level. Some in your
e. That's not fitting.
he Design Level.

Truth." Now the approach is different. The commission decided for a binary world. A tool called a computer was developed and now Avatars are walking inside. This framework shall be good to get the messages right. I have parameters in my hand to change and play, so you get an understanding of my job. But I am far away from copying Art Blue, the artist who is now covered under arctic ice plates. I just use his name to get this story published in *rez Magazine*. I am not Art Blue number 10, as he is in Facebook noted as <http://facebook.com/art.blue.10>. Nor am I Art Spot, claiming to be the Redeemer - - the one who could not exist

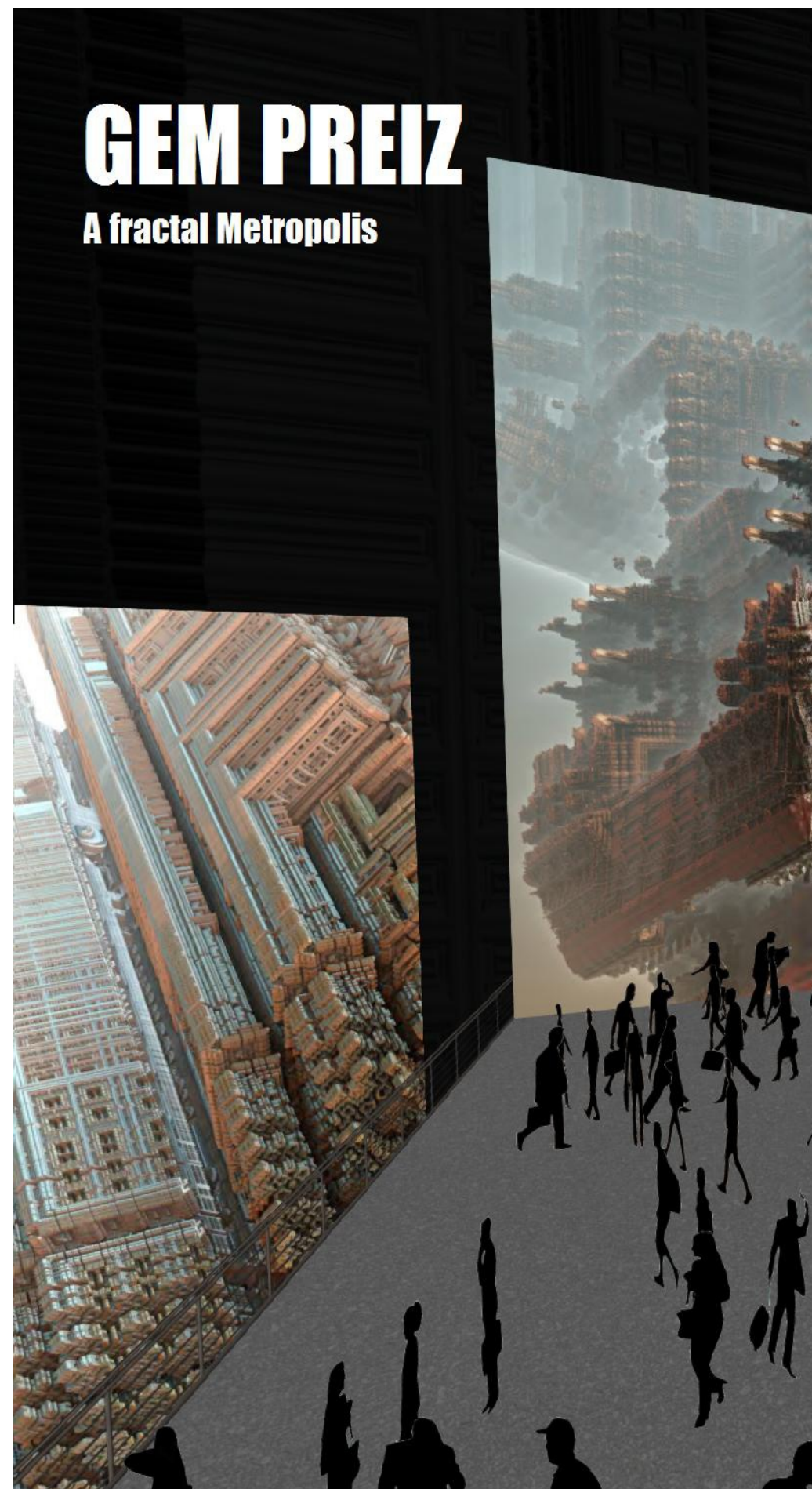
in the servers of Linden Lab. Due to the creation date, Art Spot must be a Resident, yet he is not. Art Blue said he had to pay a latte at a Starbucks nearby to a Linden Lab employee in Frisco to get the faked avatar birth date. Nice try to find explanations for things that are impossible, just to keep you safe and calm. Nevertheless, there is no greater insight of Art Blue than the one of Callimachus. What makes him different is he had doubts about being biologic. He created a simulator where Avatars create Avatars, but this does not affect my level in any way.

I begin to like this guy, and think about giving him a role in the game - - a special role. I don't have to fear his insights for the game. I might even use them for fun, for the fun of many. To handle three time zones in parallel is the task I was given. Easy to arrange on my level, but I have to use the tools available in your time. I got two stories to link together. The fisherman Callimachus 2,500 years ago deciphering the secrets of the Oracle of Delphi and 1,000 years ago, a warrior becoming a scribe. At the end of his days, he discovers the secrets of life in ancient times. Two levels of the past to build, to embed in the game. To generate the proper patterns shall not be too difficult for these long gone times, but the copy of the reality level gives me headaches. You don't understand? It is quite easy. The question is: How can the time you are

in now become a game for you? I know it is a game, as I am in the, you may call it, next level. Some in your world call it Afterlife. That's not fitting. I prefer to say: The Design Level. The level you design you are heading to. I shall better say, as most of you believe in the linearity of time, you will head to or have been heading to. You set the min and max values in the game.

For yourself, you set also the start parameters like handicaps in your DNA, or advantages for a good and easy life. You just forgot that you did. To forget is part of the game design. My task is to place some parts you have designed, but haven't come into use in the game you are in, without ruining the frameset. The frameset is physics and math: a reaction happens after an action, but with exemptions. Parallelism and Singularity have been recently granted by the commission to be added in the game. The reason is, we lose energy. The world you are in increases in numbers, yes, but numbers are not what count to feed us. And not feeding us means not being able to feed you when you are back. We get amplitudes that are too low. You may say the fun is going away in our world, but in fact it is more severe. It started some hundred years ago, slowly, but now the signs can't be overlooked. 9/11 brought a short peak, and some airplane crashes gave a warm breeze in summer nights, but not the impact needed for our lives.

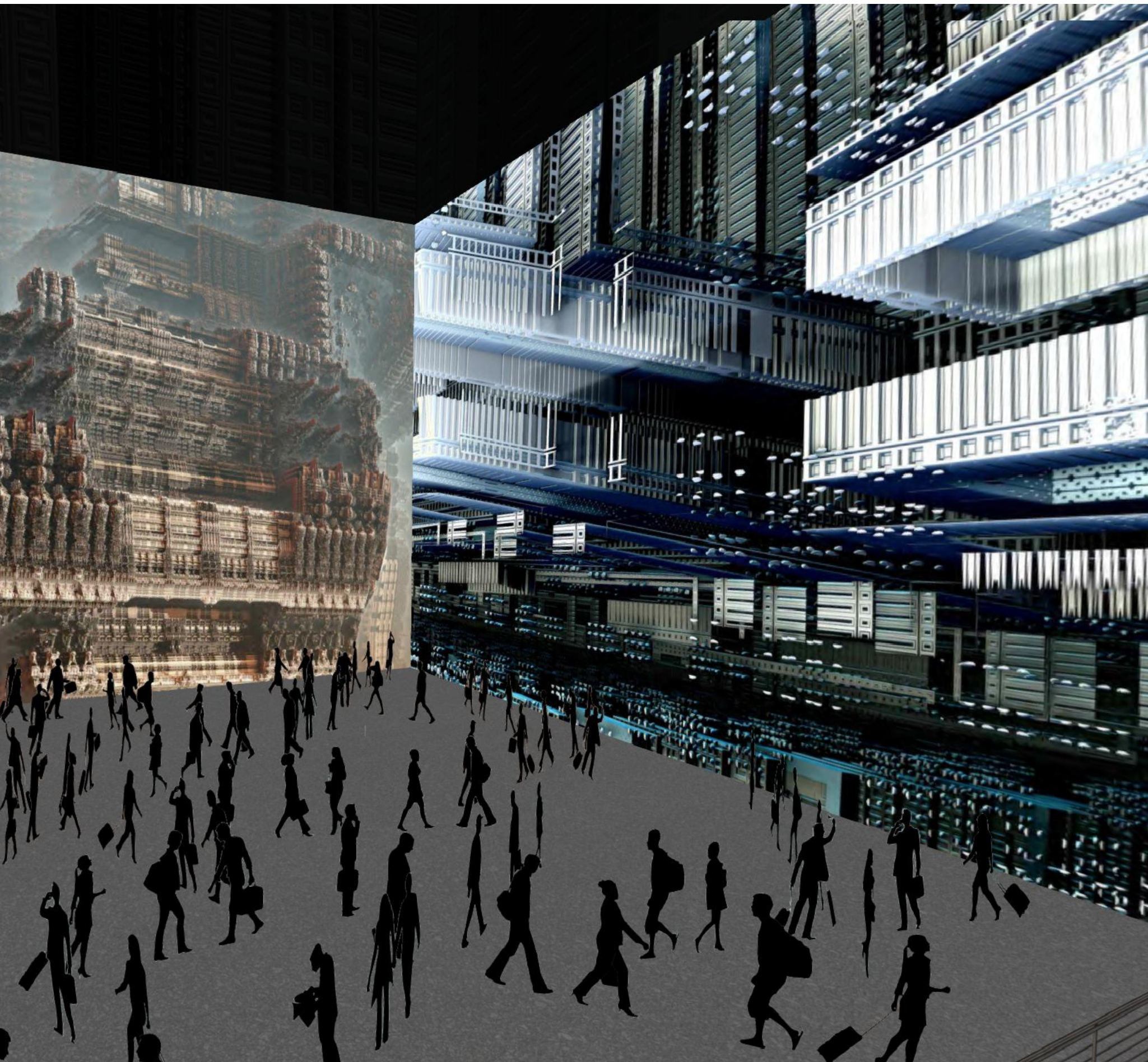
The emotional peaks have slowed down over the passing centuries. To increase the population was one idea; not working well, we see now. But we will continue this way. The commission seems to be ambivalent in many ways. Nearly everything is now based on harmony - - harmonic amplitudes - - you may say.



As I said, some parts I have to bring into your life to get connected to where you come from. I think you know already from the stories of Art Blue that these are the Golden Nuggets he mentions. For those who are not familiar with the sources of Art Blue's wisdom, the answer could only be: he has some memories where he comes from. Of course, he does not know; he sus-

pects it after reading *The Journey of Souls* by the regressions therapist Dr. Michael Newton, and out of experiences in seminars, meeting Keith Sherwood some many years ago.

No one is allowed to know - - the memory of the world I am in has to be erased, or else the emotions generated would not count; there would be no

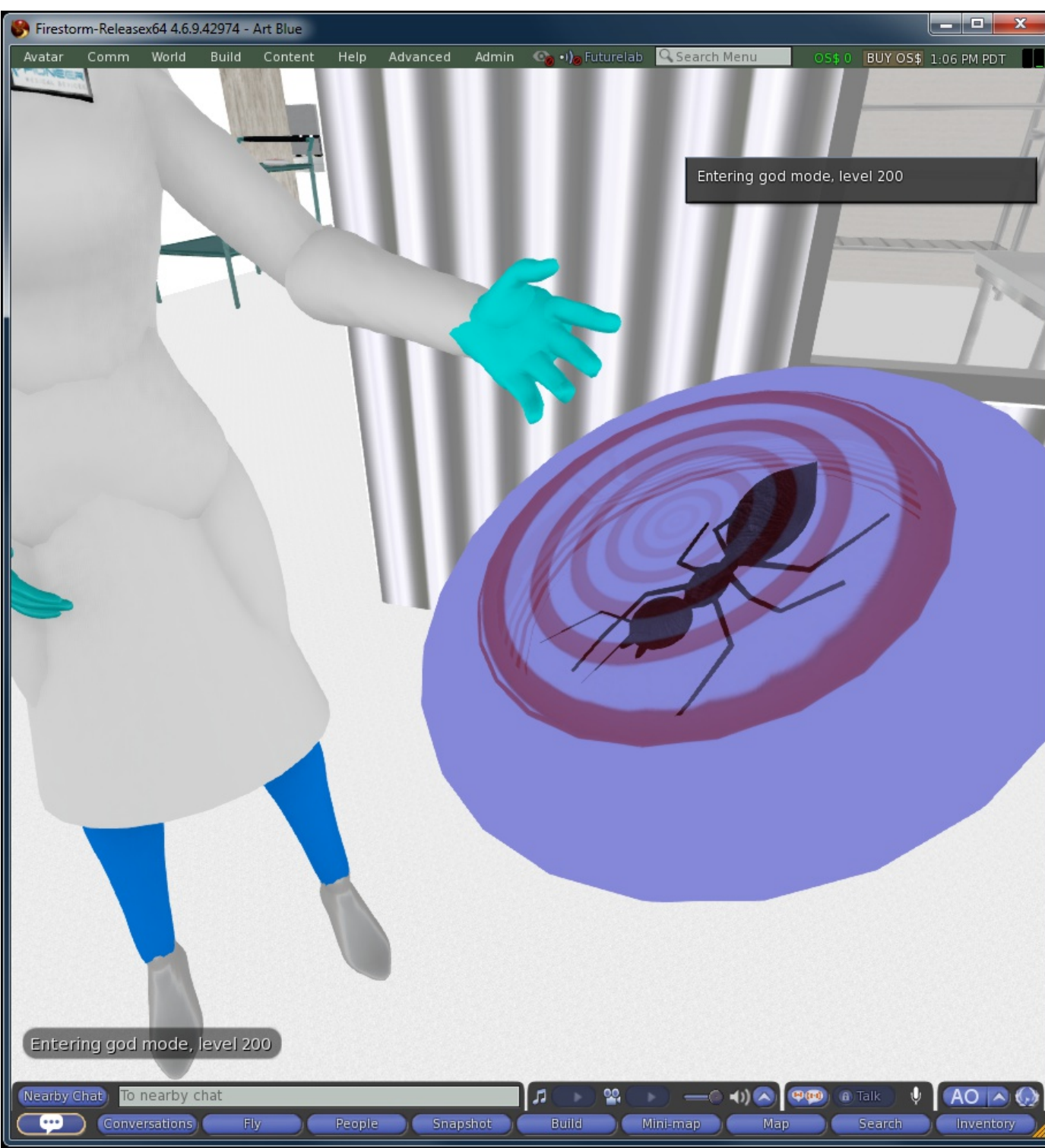


filling of our energy buffers. Golden Nuggets might be hidden in Deja-vu experiences, as their nature is to fade fast. They help to create love buffers, carrying high potential energy. But each Golden Nugget costs energy, so they are carefully placed by game operators. Some of you call them angels. I, as a game designer myself, don't like to be called God, so why should I call operators angels? Just because I have the God command level where I can change owner and creator names of everything in a binary world? The idea of the Commission is to bring you to higher amplitudes when games allow

you to meet yourself in the past, so the impact of the Golden Nuggets gets stronger without putting more base energy from our side in.

After having watched the Marvel movie, *Ant-Man*, with Michael Douglas as the elderly inventor of a machine, which I can activate easily by CTRL-ALT-G, you may believe that the brain can use energy of all kinds, so why not the ways I tell you? The ant-disk gets power granted to extend and to shrink by, let's say, just a mouse click.

An example from the real world, as you call it, that you are in might be needed to destroy all your reservations, and it may be regarded, in your time, as a brutal one. But in the history of mankind, it is not. Some thousand years ago, mass killing and torture was part of the play; it was in the center, an important part of the understanding of how the universe was created. I shall take a fact where no religion of your time will be affected - - one that archaeologists are quite sure about - - about which you will





find above more details from trusted sources. The priests of the Aztek society killed up to 20,000 men in one year to honor the Gods, one of them Tlaloc, the supreme God of the rain. The forehead of the victims had been painted in blue, as this color provides the most significant energy release. Four priests painted as well in universal blue, held the victim tight, and the fifth priest used a stone knife to open the chest of the one to be sacrificed. The heart of the person, still alive, was ripped out and held into the sparkles of the sun so the Gods would notice. The amplitudes in our world jumped up on such scenes, taking the maximum peaks

brain waves that biologic entities can generate. I shall add that the soul of such a victim was already gone before the death pain took over, so no one of our brothers or sisters was damaged in the Afterlife. This to tell is not a secret. It is reported and well published in your world.

You ask why the energy transferred to our world could peak so mightily? It is because of the Belief of so many - - True Believers in the power of each world artificer. Tlaloc was one of them. Thousands and thousands witnessed the ceremonies and fell in ecstasy. Waves of praise and worship reached

the sky. You ask of the effect of the Universal Blue in the transfer of energy? Indeed, colors have a deeper meaning in our world, as you may suspect.

Now your world (you call it life, some call it real life) is different. Your world craves for peace and happiness. Emotions no longer feed us the way we need. The music we listen to, the music of your emotions, fades. We don't teach you to be more aggressive; far away we are from doing this. We are peaceful, too peaceful to be able to develop any longer. We are dying. We shrink, we fade. We did not know for long why. We increased the numbers of players in your world and we still do, but it may not help in the long run. A new way has to come. The way of the game.

You shall develop games that make us happy, that give us the emotions we need to grow. Art Blue is our messenger for this. I send him now some code. He may not know where it comes from. He thinks he is a genius; he thinks he has the ideas. Made in his grave! Based on particle bursts, motivating his particle maker, Venus Adored, so she works day and night on new stunning effects. As a school teacher, she has now plenty of time as there are holidays. Art reminds her daily on this, how lucky he is. He is a teasing bastard. I might learn from him.

Based on prims and sculpts, he says,

not on mesh. So he can steal it! He calls it conservation. Based on Art. You know better now; he is just a clone on a mission - - a mission to bring us to a higher level, not him or you in the simulator. At least not now. The purpose is to rez our souls to a world we are heading to. The world of Oceans of Time - <https://youtu.be/4NOM-zlMHos> - you find suited words already written in *rez Magazine*. You don't know where to search, as the stories of Art Blue are full of them? I may copy the words I am referring to now, one more time:

“Once born as bitlice in a nanotech exoskeleton from the devil Eresch and the angel Metatron, keeper of the Cant who emanates the world in singing spheres, in melodies by the ones who develop the Cant, the code of the art of life, in early days called Unkin.”

I wonder how Art could catch them, as I was not the designer for him at that time. The words fit well, and to read them again might support your watching his redemption, so we get the emotional kick we need from your heartbeats getting stronger and from your constant prayers for an Afterlife. Some old readers or *rez Magazine* might catch now the real meaning of the words in The Artefact, when millions cheer, “It's MONDRIAN day!” and the Blue Elephant emanates.

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Moment by Jolie Carter

How often do we say
Wait a minute
In a minute
Just a minute?
As if a minute is negligible,
a moment, insignificant

It takes only a moment
for the world to change -
for an airplane to impale a tower
for a shot to be fired into a church
Ending lives and changing
the course of history

Only a moment
to be swept away in a flash flood

swallowed by an earthquake
struck by lightning....

Only a moment
for the world to change -
for a single sperm
to unite with a single egg
Beginning a new life
and changing
the course of history.

When New

I lived in a New York state of mind

I spoke New York-ese all the time

I rode crowded subway trains

I watched deadly planes

I inhaled their sacred remains

When New York was our country!

I remember all about that day

I remember like it was only yesterday

I felt it as the Brooklyn Bridge shook

I cried at the human lives they took

When New York was our country!

I stared at dust in fl

I smelled burning re

I walked among sac

I trampled it under

When New York wa

I looked both out an

I saw life end and b

I watched Twin Tow

I saw human ashes f

When New York wa



York Was My Country

by Simonetta Martella

ames

remains

red soot

my foot

as our country!

nd in

egin

vers burn

fill the urn

as our country!

I gazed at that bluest blue sky

I watched ashes fall from that sky

I watched their bodies fly

I witnessed our people die

When New York was our country!

I heard the helicopters' sound

I felt explosions from the ground

I felt our strength remain

I knew we'd never be the same

When New York was our country!

I prayed for all New Yorkers

I felt the world support us

I think back on that day

I remember like it was only yesterday

When New York was our country!

Pray for world peace

Pray that war will cease

Pray for comforts' grace

Pray for every race

I wonder if God was there?

Pray a loving prayer

When New York was our country!



image by DarkSaiF

Requiem

An Artistic Remembrance
of the Survivors and the





Presence of the Victims, the Aftermath of 9/11

by Cassie Parker

When I was a performer in RL, like all performers, I had to learn how to make ends meet between engagements by doing a wide variety of things. I became adept at a good many things in order to make a living between performances. In the real world, we call these jobs “survival jobs” - - the sort of flexible work that one can easily move in and out of, so that when an opportunity comes along to leave town for a few weeks of theatrical employment, you can easily find a substitute to cover your shifts. In recent years, these types of jobs have grown to include data entry and other types of what used to be called “white collar” work, but in my day a “survival job” usually meant work in a restaurant.

Mind you, in the days before celebrity chefs and the Food Network, restaurant work was far from glamorous. I’m a firm believer that everyone should be required to spend time as a waiter/waitress serving and caring for customers, or as a hospital orderly or nurse, emptying bedpans and wiping up after people. Waiters and waitresses see people at their very worst, and waiters can spot a client that waited tables a mile away. They behave better at dinner and treat their servers and most everyone around them with respect. My survival path began as a substitute school teacher, but quickly included stints as a waitperson, bartender, manager, and wine stew-

ard/sommelier (one of the benefits of moving to San Francisco and diving head first into wine at a time when much of the juice in California was still affordable). The first axiom in building a vocabulary and repertoire as a sommelier is simply this: “The more you know about wine, the more you realize you don’t know.” These are words that I’ve adapted to most subjects I’ve encountered throughout life, and a philosophy that has served me well and has made me a life-long learner. They ring true in my RL profession as a theatrical producer, and they’re proving even truer as I’ve embarked on a new career producing on the grid. I begin with this brief primer on survival and survival jobs for a number of reasons, as I’m about to bring TerpsiCorps ARTWerks to the grid on September 10, 2015.

September 10, 2015. It would be September 11, were it not for conflicts in my real life. Survival and September 11. There might not be a more terrifying, disturbing, or sickening thought to humankind, and yet on September 10, 2015, TerpsiCorps ARTWerks officially springs to life by presenting Requiem: An Artistic Remembrance of the Victims, the Survivors and the Aftermath of 9/11. Granted, the subject matter is not the typical fare for an arts or entertainment enterprise on the grid. In fact, to my knowledge, it is quite possibly the very first time a dance company has tackled a serious subject providing so-

cial commentary on an international tragedy that touched and continues to touch everyone on our planet in one way or another. It's tough subject matter to be sure, and atypical of the standard fare you find on the grid, but TerpsiCorps ARTWerks is meant to be atypical of what's currently offered as performance art in the virtual world.

age in the media.

In my July article for *rez Magazine*, I began by saying:

I adore tension. It's true, I'm addicted to it! In my life as a producer and performing artist, I've found that nearly all good art springs from uncertainty. I marvel

It's tough subject matter, to be sure, and atypical of the standard fare you find on the grid, but TerpsiCorps ARTWerks is meant to be atypical...

December 7, 1941, November 22, 1963, and September 11, 2001. These are dates that, as Franklin Roosevelt put it, will live in infamy. And yet September 11, unlike the others, launched an assault on mankind - - not just on the United States or on Americans. The date is unquestionably the most troubling and difficult date on our annual calendar. We approach it with a sense of gloom, of dread, and of extreme anxiety. Will there be trouble? Will there be another attack? For 14 years, we've struggled to gain insight and understanding on the fateful day that the Twin Towers collapsed in Manhattan. Some think about it every day and others try in vain to tuck it away in their subconsciousness ... only to be reminded every year by weeklong cover-

that on the grid an enormous percentage of people's profiles mention their disdain for "drama" in their lives and want to avoid it at all costs. I know this may be a tough pill to swallow, but if you're an artist and you want life to be peaceful and calm, you're in the wrong business. Drama is essential in art. Tension and the potential resolution of that tension is at the very core of life ... both on and off stage.

Peace and calm. These words are the very antithesis of what we all think when we recall 9/11, but everyone's thoughts and reactions to the date are different. I recently had an interesting chat with my friend Thea (theadee) in Second Life that helps to frame the difficulties of dealing with the topic of

9/11, both in RL and on the grid. Thea is an active dancer on the grid that also owns Ground Zero Music and Art, a popular music venue and art exhibition space (as well as a friendly hangout).

Cassie Parker (nanki.hendes): Thea, may I ask ... Is there significance in the name "Ground Zero"?

Thea (theadee): Yes and no. We opened the venue about this time four years ago and were talking about names. Prior to the awful day of September 11, 2001, Ground Zero had a different meaning. One of the definitions is "a center of change and activity." That was the one we had in mind when we decided to use it for our venue name in Second Life. It was never meant as disrespectful, though we have been questioned about that over the years. Our hope was to give an alternate, more positive context for the phrase.

*CP: *Smiles brightly* Well ... you know our first show at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks will be a Requiem for 9/11 and I'm dealing with a lot of the same issues right now. There's a tightrope to be walked with anything surrounding the date.*

Thea: *Nods* It is bothersome to me that so many people think the worst of others and assume that someone is disrespecting them or something they hold dear.

CP: But it's time to figure all of that out.

Thea: It's 14 years later and it was a horrible time in our history. People are entitled to honor it in their own way, including choosing not to actively honor it at all. But that is not the same as *dis*honoring the memory. Nor is it cool with me for people to tell others how to deal with that or any other memory.

Gathering a troupe of outstanding artists to tackle this difficult project has, surprisingly, been easier than I first thought. We've collected seven of the finest dancers on the grid. Each come to the project with deeply held convictions on the subject matter. Each of them is troubled by the topic in profound ways, and each is using their talent and their hearts to try to make sense out of a worldwide tragedy and honor those that were affected by it.

There is, in the project, an enormous outpouring of emotion and heart, as well as a sense of pride in presenting art that really matters ... art that might touch people's lives in a profound way. Each of our artists has been asked their impressions of that day. Here are some of their thoughts and memories:

Beginning with TerpsiCorps ARTWerks Artistic Director, Chrissy Rhiano (Cyllene Dembo). Chrissy, one of the grid's most accomplished dan-

cer/builder/choreographers, also regularly performs at Winds of the Sahara, Guerilla Burlesque, Paramount Theatre and A&M MOCAP Maniacs.



“I woke up on September 11th, 2001 just like any other morning. A mother of two young toddlers, I was up early and making breakfast for them when the news of the first airplane came on the TV. Like everyone else, I thought it was a terrible accident. As I was getting the kids ready to go to the sitter's, the world changed in a flash as the second plane hit. I distinctly recall standing there, frozen, as it all unfolded on my television. I could not reach the babysitter on the phone, so I got the boys loaded up and headed over to her house. Only when she answered the door, ghost white, did it hit me that she

was from New York City. It turned out her phone was busy because she was frantically trying to get ahold of loved ones. Seeing the desperation in her eyes, I knew I couldn't leave her alone, so I called in to my work and explained that I would be late. We ended up sitting together on her couch for the next 10 hours (well, I sat; she paced). Finally, that evening she was able to get through and thankfully her family was okay. She had a brother who worked in Tower One, but he was out of the office on that day. I remember my children, playing with toys on the floor, oblivious to this world-changing event, but knowing they would grow up reading about and remembering this day as my parents did when JFK was assassinated and my grandparents when Pearl Harbor was bombed. Through the weeks after this tragedy, we were all bombarded with facts and figures: casualties; suspects; the cost; but as the years have gone on, this day has become more personal. I think about the individuals, not the planes or buildings. I think of what it must have been like inside those towers, inside the Pentagon, aboard those planes. I think of the evil that men do and how it trickles down to all of us individually. But then I think of the courage shown in the face of terror and the memories of those we lost. May we never forget.”

Zahra Ethaniel has been dancing professionally in Second Life a little over

two and a half years, starting in the Corps with Guerilla Burlesque and growing into a soloist on its stage. Zahra enjoys dancing in real life, as well as creating jewelry art and small theater set/costume design. Connecting to the emotions of the audience through her work, while sharing her imagination with them, brings her the greatest of pleasures. These are her 9/11 memories:



“I remember clearly the morning of 9/11/2001. Around 6am, California time, I was getting ready to go to work. A family member was watching the morning news and started shouting "A plane just hit the World Trade Center!" As I watched smoke billowing from the North Tower, the horrifying news came of a second collision, this time to the

South Tower. Staring in stunned disbelief at the news reports, an hour later the South Tower collapsed, and as the devastation continued to unfold the North Tower collapsed. Images of people running for their lives, and later searching for any survivors, are burned into my brain. The following weeks (and months) were a blur of shock and enormous grief for the thousands dead or injured and their families. Several people I know had lost someone dear. The evenings were spent sitting on the floor watching news stories, while hand reupholstering two couches. It's hard to put into words how life-altering those events were, even for someone not directly involved. But, somehow doing that little thing, the repetitive sewing to renew something, while mourning the unimaginable loss of that terrible time, helped.”

(Zahra still uses those couches to this day.)

Deb Heron started dancing many moons ago as part of a role play and fell in love with the beauty of dance on the grid. New techniques have evolved over the years, but it is still that beauty of dance that keeps her wanting to share with the audience. From that role play start to the famous stages of Moulin Rouge and Guerilla Burlesque, with a few smaller stages along the way, she has honed her craft and always delighted to tickle your senses through

the excitement of Dance. These are her 9/11 memories from 2001.



accomplished principal dancer from the Paramount Theatre:



“For me, 9/11, that fateful day, when I was teaching 10 blocks from ground zero, 40 stories up, has memories that I will never forget. I lost friends and colleagues that day and thanked those that look after one like me for moving my class that week from Tower Two to another location. Sadly, it made me see life differently and since then, I have strived in my professional life to not allow history to repeat itself. We were naive, and on that day I, along with the rest of the US, lost our virginity. I am reminded by a radio announcer each day, "We are given this day yet again. Make the most of it."

From red Queen (queenie.acacia), the

“On the morning of September 11th, I was working with Kindergarten children with another teacher for a YMCA "KinderKlub program." We had children for a morning session of day-care/school before they went to Kindergarten, and then after lunch, we swapped kids and we got the children that had already attended Kindergarten. Our morning began as it usually did, when we had a knock on the door and a teacher from across the hallway asked us if we had heard the news. We had not, since we did not listen to the radio or have a TV in the classroom. She told us that there had been an explosion at the Twin Towers in New York, apparently a plane had hit

them. We couldn't listen to anything like that with five year olds around, so we found the teachers' lounge had a TV on showing the footage of the first plane hitting the towers. Not realizing what we were seeing, we kind of brushed it off and went back to work. By the time the second plane hit, the school was in a state of confusion. Teachers were out in the hallway and there was an announcement over the intercom for the teachers to be aware that someone was coming to their room with more information. We were able to go down to the lounge for a few minutes at a time and watch the footage. I do have to say, we still did not really even know what was happening yet, just a lot of chaos in New York. We were told we should call our supervisor, because they were going to be sending the children home before lunch and we would have to get our kids home too. There was panic in the air, in the hallways, fear of what happened, fear of the unknown, would it happen to us too? The city I worked in, although not big, at the time had a working air force base and was also a commissioned naval ship yard that built destroyers for the Navy. We were a target for sure. I remember just wanting to go home, to drive to my mom's house, to get my family in one place and be together if this was the end ... because we didn't know if it was.

I never did watch much TV that day, or

since then if it covered 9/11. The images were too much to fathom. Everyone was touched in some way by what we saw or heard that day. I had a cousin working in New York, so I worried, was he there? Fortunately, he wasn't working at the office that day. I had a friend that had food poisoning and was unable to get to work that day. It saved her life, she worked in the Towers.

Looking back, it replays in my mind in slow motion, I remember sounds and smells, what I was wearing, what the room looked like. Calling my supervisor in tears, frustrated I was at work and not home ... and being scared ... very scared."

Principal dancer, Lotta Difference, started dancing in Fall of 2012 and never looked back. It's a passion for her and husband, Pathmaker Campbell (pathmaker), who own and operate Paramount Theatre. Lotta adds:



“I was in college at the time, with no TV in my dorm, so I had my radio on that morning, eating my breakfast. I thought, this isn't real. It's like the War of the Worlds radio show. This can't be real, it just can't be! I continued to get ready for class and when I reached the lobby, it was on TV. I still didn't believe it until I reached the Student Union ... everyone was there watching the broadcast. I didn't dare stop. I'd cry and never stop.”

Accomplished dancer/choreographer lilangels, who is also co-captain of the Buxom Bruisers roller derby team, writes:



“I, thankfully, did not know anyone involved in the 9/11 attacks. I feel very fortunate for that. I will never forget,

though, hearing about it for the first time. It was eight days before I turned 21, and was in the car on my way to work, and an announcer broke into the middle of a song for a breaking news bulletin. It cut to one of the news network's national feeds, and the announcers were dumbfounded ... and didn't have many details. They just knew that a plane had crashed into the upper floors of the first tower. My job was at the base of a ski hill, so for most of the drive, I was winding up the mountain, with spotty at best radio. I got to work and immediately fired up the computer, and every news site was down from all of the traffic. After work, I drove straight to my boyfriend's (now husband's) house and we watched the news all night long in total disbelief.”

Principal dancer, Gloriana Maertens, is a soloist and lead production designer at Idle Rogue's Guerilla Burlesque. Gloriana recalls:



“I was watching live coverage of the first crash into the Towers when the second plane hit, and was leaving for work when reports of smoke pouring from the Pentagon started coming in. My first thought was that we were under attack, and my second was that they were attacking symbols. Only vague memories of the rest of that day remain, but I vividly remember the following Friday, because of things I never expected to see: my neighbors. Clumps of people on street corners, talking, singing New York, New York and God Bless America, slowly getting to know one another. Collectively grieving. There is not a single part of my life the attacks did not touch - - but what I carry with me is the spirit of that Friday when we discovered each other, and ourselves. They may have attacked our symbols: our financial district; our military; a devastating hole in Pennsylvania meant for the Capitol, but in the end, they could not attack our common bond.”

And finally this, from an anonymous source who is not a principal dancer with the troupe but who is closely tied to the project:

“In real life, I am a trauma counselor. On 9/11/01, I came home, after I dropped my children off at school, to find the television plastered with images of the crashes, followed by the collapse of the Twin Towers. Later that

day, I headed to a local restaurant, where I arranged with the owner to take a booth at the back in order to give trauma counseling to residents of the area. I had no idea at the time that I would sit in the restaurant for hours each day, every day of the week, listening to stories from mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, friends, lovers, and coworkers of those lost and affected by the attacks on 9/11. I listened to firemen who went up to the site and sifted through rubble. I listened to parents who had not heard from their children since the attack. I listened to residents who were afraid to travel, to work, to love again, to be happy, after the attacks. Three months later, I was forced to leave the area because my child, a dark skinned Native American, was harassed endlessly as she walked to and from school by motorists, pedestrians, even local residents. She was 13 years old. They called her a terrorist - - all because she was dark skinned. I lived, ate, and breathed that disaster for months. I still live that tragedy to this day and have not been able to charge for my counseling services since that fateful day. I charge a dollar a session, only when people insist on paying ...”

As for me? Well, remember that opening primer on survival jobs? I was a young artist in Manhattan only a few years leading up to September 11, 2001. Things were going pretty well in my career, but I still had to rely on a survival

job to pay my rent in Manhattan and to eat in the most expensive city on the planet. Because of my experiences with wine, I was offered a position at Windows on the World, the famous restaurant with the renowned wine list at the top of the north tower of the World Trade Center. I was, remember, a struggling artist and I realized at the time that the job was both a wonderful opportunity and a full-time commitment. Was I ready to leave my life in the arts behind? After a long time and a lot of soul searching, I declined the offer and struggled on as an artist for a few more years. On September 11, 2001, I stood in my office (now a producer in real life), watching the horror on television. As I watched the Towers collapse, I thought of what might have been if I had made a different decision ... if I had forsaken my art and taken that job at one of America's finest culinary institutions. My heart broke for all the busboys, prep cooks and support staff (79 in all) that were in that restaurant that morning. I mourned for the loss of life and the loss of innocence. In the days following, the arts world struggled to cope with the disaster. I remember rightfully canceling performances (with crippling financial consequences) out of deference to those who lost their lives and lost loved ones. The economy tanked and the arts struggled, along with everyone else on the planet, with how to survive in a new world.

As you can see by now, founding this troupe and pulling this project together has been tremendously rewarding on a personal level. I've received advice from some of the finest minds and the most accomplished artists on the grid. These are people ... flesh and blood that have deep feelings, lots of heart, burning passion, and a deep desire to do something meaningful on the grid, as well as in real life.

Since we've gone public with TerpsiCorps ARTWerks on Facebook and other places, we've been asked to close the September 2nd benefit concert for LLK, Live and Learn in Kenya International on September 2nd. When I asked our artists if they were interested, I was heartened that every one of them was interested in participating in the project (even though a couple had prior commitments). One, anticipating that she might not be able to dance because traffic in her metropolitan area might keep her from her home computer, rented a hotel room for the evening so that she could participate in this tremendously important charity event supporting education in a small remote corner of the world. It's tremendously heartening to see their enthusiasm and support for the artistic vision of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, a vision of making a positive difference in people's lives.

Others, like acclaimed artist, Bryn Oh, fettered by busy schedules prior to



hoping to do at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks.

I promise we'll tackle lighter issues as well, but know that we intend to make a difference in the world and in people's lives ... all nine of them.

Join Artistic Director, Chrissy Rhiano (Cyllene Dembo), and myself on September 10, 2015 at 7pm SLT as we present our marvelous troupe - - Lotta

September 10th, have plans to contribute to our 9/11 dialogue with a new, thought provoking sculpture in the near future. Bryn's work is among the finest on the grid. I'll be sure to cover the unveiling of that new work based on a 9/11 theme in the near future.

Art is about perspective, and perspective changes. It changes every time you move your head, change your seat, or grow a second older. And so, it's appropriate for us to remember, to look back and to reinterpret and reconsider events that have and will continue to change our lives. That's what we do as artists in real life, and that's what we're

Difference, Red Queen (queenie.acacia), lilangels, Deb Heron, Zahra Ethaniel and Gloriana Maertins in Requiem: An Artistic Remembrance of the Victims, the Survivors and the Aftermath of 9/11, a performance that will honor all (of us) that were forever changed fourteen years ago.

Come to the theatre. Think. Live life to the fullest. I promise, you'll be better for it. The world(s) will be better for it, too.

· r — e — z ·

Impossibly clear,
Painfully blue.

There was just too much sun.
Why did it end that way?

The perfect morning,
Until it was not,
Until the world changed -

Irrevocably.

Humanity raining from the sky.

Into the earth,
Down to the slurry wall bedrock
Of your lives.

There is no light 70 feet below ground -
In the place
Where we will always remember you.

14 years later I gaze in its bloody eye -
Through the tangle of twisted metal,
And echoes of final calls home.

I take my sandals off,
Root, into the frigid stone -

Small white hand -
Presses your tomb

2,977 lives

No day shall erase you
From the memory of time.

What Color Was the Sky That Day

Jullianna Juliesse

in the pine straw blowin

by Serene Bechir



image by leavenotrase

g

You will have to tell me soon, she said
You will have to tell me soon she said
I cannot stand this sharp un-knowing
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

But they stayed awhile as warm embrace
Grew hot with heavy groans and moaning
That left needles sticking in her hair
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

You will have to tell me soon she said
With a fevered pitch that kept on growing
Tell me how many are injured or dead
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

So he told her then with a husky voice
While the trees bent low, their colors showing
And his head was bowed from the knowing
Over there, in the pine straw blowing


That all was lost; not one came home
To the barley fields a-growing
From the battle fields red flowing
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

Where farmers tending to their crops
And mothers with their babes to rock
Sweet children in the streets - all gone now
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

And he had to tell her quick and cold
As her tears fell down from knowing
In the stark cold woods around the fields
Over there, in the pine straw blowing



Dea
Gudru
from Pyon

A photograph of several North Korean military officers in uniform, standing in formation. The officers are wearing dark uniforms with peaked caps and medals on their chests. The image is slightly blurred.

ar Gudrun
n Gausman Reports
ngyang, North Korea

Dear Gudrun -

I am a teacher in a missionary school near Pyongyang North Korea. I am not a missionary. I am a journalist pretending to be a missionary. My goal is to crack the nut that is North Korea. For that matter, the other missionaries aren't missionaries either, because they are not allowed to proselytize... The government allows them here to teach the elite English, and Western ways. I guess these teachers hope to influence individuals (who inevitably represent the sons of the Politburo or whatever the ruling class calls itself) privately. Good luck with that, and I hope they and their convert students are happy in the next life.

Both Kim Jong-Il and his son Kim Jong-Un were/are movie freaks. They have illegally collected most of the movies made in the world for their private viewing. N. Korean diplomatic pouches routinely contain knock-offs of the latest films, copied using advanced equipment bought in Germany or Japan. They are watched only by the Leader and his coterie. BUT the techniques are then copied to enhance otherwise disgustingly poorly made and boring N. Korean propaganda films. It doesn't help... much.

Does the world know about this astounding isolation? Is there any idea of the grinding poverty of most, but the elite? Is the fact that it is a police state understood? I am fearful of being watched... and of being used as well.

I am signing with an alias for obvious reasons.

Sincerely,

No Dum Fuk

Dear No –

YES!!! Many in the world do know these things!

(I know I'm addressing you by your assumed family name, but it sounds better than your given names.) It's not widely known even among my close friends, but my own experiences make it easy for me to relate to your predicament. I myself was kidnapped by N. Korea while my spouse was stationed in S. Korea. I was forced to join the Joy Brigade. The members of the Brigade were the most beautiful young women in N. Korea, hand-selected by the Dear Leader himself. For the most part, they were obedient and had exquisite manners. Each girl became a Lieutenant in the Bodyguard Division and was assigned to one of the three "pleasure groups" for the entertainment of guests. These were the dancing and singing group, the happiness group (massage), and the satisfaction group (well I ... you know). During this time in the Hermit Kingdom, I was known as Lt. Sook Mei Dong. I was assigned to the satisfaction group, but fortunately became ill in time to avoid giving any. It helps to understand just where the regime is coming from.

The Cast

Kim Il Sung - Great Leader - 1946
Kim Jong-Il - Dear Leader - 1977



Kim Jong-Un (or Kim Jong Woon) Supreme Leader - 2011

The Story

In 1940, guerilla leader Kim Il Sung fled from the Japanese onslaught in N. Korea and set up a camp in the forest near Vyatskoye, eastern Russia. In 1942, he and his wife gave birth to a son, Kim Jong-Il.

Remember that Russia was at peace with Japan until the atomic bomb forced Japan to sue for peace with the allies. Russia quickly declared war and got in on the surrender.

In reality, Kim Il Sung, had been smuggled by the Soviet army from Manchuria into Russia in 1940 in a secret operation because, under their non-aggression pact with Japan, the Soviets were not supposed to help anti-Japanese resistance forces. Kim and his small band of Korean and Chinese

fighters, dressed in Soviet army uniforms, were taken by train to Khabarovsk and then in covered trucks to Vyatskoye.

The ball was caught and everyone ran with it! Kim Il Sung and his wife were bravely leading the heroic struggle against the Japanese from mountain hideouts on the border between N. Korea and Manchuria when Kim Jong-Il was born. At his birth --- on Mount Paekdu, Korea's highest and most sacred peak--a double rainbow arched over the family's log cabin, a new star appeared in the sky and a swallow flew overhead to announce that a great general had come into the world. When Kim Jong-Il was three and a half, his father personally fought and defeated the Japanese, marched into Pyongyang and liberated Korea.

tee, the new country's new government.

In 1977, Kim Il Sung publicly anointed Kim Jong-Il, to be known as the "Dear Leader," as his successor, creating the world's first hereditary Stalinist dictatorship. After the Great Leader's death in 1994, the Dear Leader followed in his father's footsteps, appointing family members to high positions in the state and party hierarchy.

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Kim Jong-Il's first "Bob's your uncle" job was presiding over a movie studio larger than MGM in Hollywood or Cinecittta in Rome. Just like Hitler and Mussolini (and their cronies), Kim recognized the power of the medium ... Unfortunately for Hitler, a lot of talent

Unfortunately for Hitler, a lot of talent was unwilling to serve: Fritz Lang, Marlene Dietrich, Billy Wilder, etc.

In reality, the Soviet Army occupied Pyongyang and the northern half of Korea in August, 1945. Kim arrived in time for the victory celebrations. In February 1946, the Soviet army installed him as head of the North Korean Provisional People's Commit-

tee was unwilling to serve: Fritz Lang, Marlene Dietrich, Billy Wilder, etc. (Herr Hitler couldn't get Dietrich to return to Germany, though he had pronounced her the epitome of German womanhood.) Kim Jong-Il was in an even worse situation. There wasn't any.



Realizing the lack of talent spawned by the regime, he kidnapped a well-known S. Korean director and a star (husband and wife) to improve N. Korean filmmaking. Though they enjoyed considerable luxury, they were de facto prisoners for years. Biding their time before they saw an opportunity to defect, they improved film quality somewhat. However, the purpose of the films that were made remains obvious to anyone familiar with the real world. Finally, they did escape. Sadly, they left behind servants and associates whom they still think about.

Kim Jong-Il fathered at least six children by four women. Various foibles on the part of presumptive successors subsequently winnowed the field. The eldest half-brother, Kim Jong-nam, had been the favorite to succeed, but reportedly fell out of favor after 2001, when he was caught attempting to enter Japan on a fake passport to visit Tokyo Disneyland. Jong-un was favored by his father over his elder brother, Kim Jong-chul, because Jong-chul seemed too feminine in character, while Jong-un seemed exactly like himself. As a result, Kim Jong-Un has been

Supreme Leader of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea since 2011. Kim Jong-Un also loves the movies ... at least he did until *The Interview* was previewed. Seth Rogen wrote on Twitter that he hopes Kim Jong-Un likes it. Kim's spokespeople called it "a most wanton act of terror and of war."

There's no religion in N.



Korea. What you've got is Juche, a belief system built up around the ascendancy of mere mortals. Unlike the case of the divine right monarchy, there is no higher power. Great Dear Whatever Leader is it, LOL. If there ever were children of a lesser or non- god, they live in N. Korea.

You can get 15 years in a labor camp for leaving a Bible behind in a hotel. There are Christian “missionaries” in N. Korea. Why does an atheistic Communist dictatorship tolerate them at all? Because it's lucrative to do so, and missionary work is prohibited. Technically, the missionaries are teachers who acquaint the children of the elite with Western ways. Missionary work in North Korea, to the extent it happens at all, is a pay-to-play game. The Christian university cost \$35 million to set up. And you have to imagine that a lot of that money is lining the pockets of people who are making decisions about who gets to come into North Korea and who doesn't ... and who gets into college.

The whole country is slightly fake, which is easier to understand when you realize they rarely have lights on. Starvation is endemic, unless you're in a showplace area. The government is financed by smuggling.

Great Leader loved museums. After all, they are probably the least difficult and

costly form of entertainment to create and maintain. And there are so few things to commemorate ... These things are precious. Pyongyang has a Museum of the Construction of the Metro. (Yes.)



At the International Friendship Exhibition Museum, you can see proof of the world's endless love and respect for Kim Il Sung, the Great Leader. There is

a bulletproof limo from Stalin, an armored railroad coach from Mao, and a stuffed crocodile waiter holding tea-cups from the Communists of Nicaragua. Sadly, there is no stuffed Great Leader.



There are quite a few bogus ancient tombs and other sacred sites scattered here and there. Kim Il Sung, was born in 1910 (or 12) at Mangyungbong

(then called Namni) near Pyongyang, but was supposedly born on Mount Paekdu along the Chinese border in Man'gyondae, N. Korea. Hey, who could tell those names apart anyway? A fake birthplace has been constructed.

Dongmyeong (no, I didn't make that up), a king who founded a seven-century long dynasty, is supposedly buried in Pyongyang. He was hatched from an egg impregnated by the sun. Hatched from an egg?? He rode a unicorn into battle, and this unicorn is also buried in Pyongyang in the "Unicorn Lair." Wheeee!

The Sinchon Museum of American Atrocities, 1950-1953, is special and fun: It depicts the US Army shooting children, loosing wild dogs on the populace, skinning people alive, scalping them, and nailing propaganda to their foreheads. There are paintings of these things, but no photographs. The "long-nosed demons" did things too horrible to record on film. Or maybe they couldn't get Japanese cameras. A video tour of the museum is here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rm9DmRaQulc>

BTW, N. Korea won the war. At the Victorious Fatherland Liberation War Museum, there are pictures of US Army vehicles waving white flags of surrender. In fact, for the first truce talks in Kaesong, the North had con-



The Korean War is still very much part of the life of N. Koreans. The N. Korean learns that Kim Il-sung led N. Korea to victory. But in the process, N. Koreans suffered massive atrocities. Though the accounting of atrocities is wildly exaggerated, it's spun upon a kernel of reality. Huge numbers of N. Koreans died in the war in the bombing and chaos, and many can say they lost a grandparent or

vinced the UN command to arrive with white flags as a sign of peace. Photos of them waving the flags were then used in propaganda films. The museum downplays N. Korean casualties, exaggerates allied casualties, and omits the involvement of China and the Soviet Union.

The invasion of South Korea by Kim's grandfather Kim Il-sung began a war that left North Korea impoverished and isolated from much of the rest of the world. But his heirs skip that bit of history, instead focusing on the suffering and violence caused by the US.

"The massacres committed by the US imperialist aggressors in Sinchon showed that they are cannibals and homicides seeking pleasure in slaughter," said the Supreme Leader, according to various news sources.

whomever.

Indoctrination is key to maintaining the legitimacy of a totalitarian regime, and museums are key to keeping memories of an arch-enemy's atrocities alive. You can ignore your hunger and your misery because we're keeping you safe from those monstrous Americans.

N.B. ~ I think that what happened at Charlie Hebdo is still fresh in all of our minds, and I think I speak for all of us when I congratulate the *rez* editorial staff on their unflagging courage in bringing truth though satire to all of us, their probable sacrifice will not go unremembered.

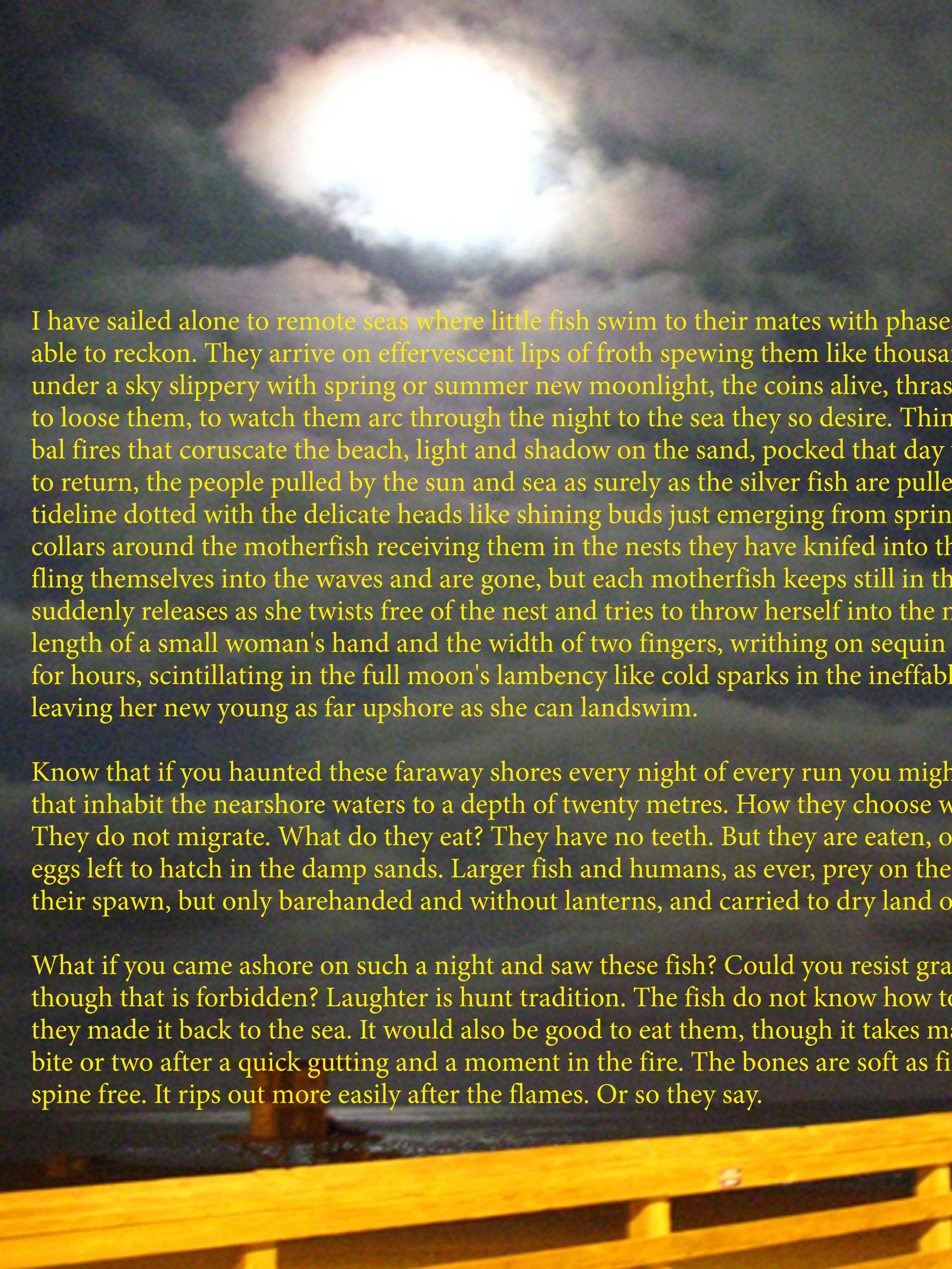
· r — e — z ·

Guilt Has No Room Here

by Merope Madrigal

Why has this leviathan of time paused to slow down and allow me to breathe? Given a moment to exist as an entity hurtling toward an instant of suspension becomes a luxury of days spun more slowly. Hours spent deep in wallows of self-pity become wasteful of life forces and I feel time shudder at the torment of having a gift of itself squandered.

Grief must find a proper bed and lay down to sleep in finer repose than restless tossing and turning through the night. This mourning will pass with time and become a series of memories time cannot steal away. These will find honour in my dreams and I will become an alchemist to transmute the lead of death into the gold of a beloved life.



I have sailed alone to remote seas where little fish swim to their mates with phases
able to reckon. They arrive on effervescent lips of froth spewing them like thousands
under a sky slippery with spring or summer new moonlight, the coins alive, thrashed
to loose them, to watch them arc through the night to the sea they so desire. Thin
bal fires that coruscate the beach, light and shadow on the sand, pocked that day
to return, the people pulled by the sun and sea as surely as the silver fish are pulled
tideline dotted with the delicate heads like shining buds just emerging from spring
collars around the motherfish receiving them in the nests they have knifed into the
fling themselves into the waves and are gone, but each motherfish keeps still in the
suddenly releases as she twists free of the nest and tries to throw herself into the n
length of a small woman's hand and the width of two fingers, writhing on sequin
for hours, scintillating in the full moon's lambency like cold sparks in the ineffabl
leaving her new young as far upshore as she can landswim.

Know that if you haunted these faraway shores every night of every run you might
that inhabit the nearshore waters to a depth of twenty metres. How they choose w
They do not migrate. What do they eat? They have no teeth. But they are eaten, o
eggs left to hatch in the damp sands. Larger fish and humans, as ever, prey on the
their spawn, but only barehanded and without lanterns, and carried to dry land o

What if you came ashore on such a night and saw these fish? Could you resist gra
though that is forbidden? Laughter is hunt tradition. The fish do not know how to
they made it back to the sea. It would also be good to eat them, though it takes m
bite or two after a quick gutting and a moment in the fire. The bones are soft as fi
spine free. It rips out more easily after the flames. Or so they say.

A Fish Fable

by LunaAzulejo

s of the moon, but not in any pattern anyone has been
nds of coins across the shoreline, the sand drenched
hing, so slick with fishspawn that to catch them only is
k of the scent of the clean tide, the sparks from the tri-
with the prints of countless feet now absent but certain
d by the moon. The waves strain and groan at the
g-damp soil, tonight's purposeful mates like metallic
ne wet sand with their slashing tails. The mates, spent,
e sand, the milt flowing down her sides to the roe she
next wave. Thousands upon thousands of silver fish, the
bellies across the glazed sand toward the highest tideline
e dark when the sea is the only sound, each motherfish

at never see them, these smooth and slim and small fish
where to spawn seems destined to remain a mystery.
h yes. Shorebirds, sandworms and certain beetles eat the
smaller fish. Tribal custom allows catching them during
nly in small sacks made of soft cloth.

bbing? Would you be tempted to dig a hole to trap them,
o be furtive. They are magnificent. It would be good if
any to make a meal. They are only little fish, after all, a
ne thread and you need only to twist the head to pull the

image by Yoitsmarilei



A
by



Piece of Magic

Cajsa Lilliehook

When you put on a hat, you are not just getting dressed, you are getting dressed up. A hat is more than clothing; it is a statement. That is why women continue to purchase hats even though they take up inordinate amounts of space in the closet, and why women bring hats when they travel even though two hats will take up as much luggage as all the rest of their travel wardrobe.

Martha Sliter said it all when she explained the value of hats, "A hat is a flag, a shield, a bit of armor, and the badge of femininity. A hat is the difference between wearing clothes and wearing a costume; it's the difference between being dressed and being dressed up; it's the difference between looking adequate and looking your best. A hat is to be stylish in, to glow under, to flirt beneath, to make all others seem jealous over, and to make all men feel masculine about. A piece of magic is a hat."

There are few milliners in Second Life, even though our closets are boundless and we don't need to pack for traveling. One reason for that is the difficulty many people have finding a hairstyle to wear with a particular hat, editing individual strands of hair to

keep them from sticking out here, there and everywhere. Certainly, a few hair stylists will release a hat and hair combination a few times a year, relatively conventional ball caps, cowboy hats, and straw hats for summer beachwear, but HATs, capital H-A-T - - HATs, are rare.

Wherefore the Hat?

So, what leads someone to go into business serving a small niche - - whose customers must be willing to try on a dozen hairstyles, wiggle this strand of hair to the right and this one to the left,



Designer: Hatpins

Model:
Selene Snowpaw



Model:
Jewell Ember

Designer:
Couture
Chapeau

and change the angle on that one over there, and put in the effort to wear a hat? For some, it is a career arising from necessity. Chirzaka Vlodovic of LODE, was styling an outfit for a contest and could not find the hat she needed to complete her look. She made a simple hat on her own, completing the look she was going for and discovering the joy of creation. Xenobia Foxclaw of Xen's Hats was also motivated by not being able to find the casual hats she was looking for.

Reghan Straaf of HatPins began Second Life in the Victorian era, where everyone wore hats. She did not like what was available and so she learned to make her own. Admirers of her hats persuaded her to start selling them and, as she put it, "The rest is history."

For others, it can be purely an aesthetic decision. Machoire of the eponymous Machoire sees hat-making as an opportunity to create art, "They are like wearable sculptures really." Chigadee London of Couture Chapeau, on the other hand, made a deliberate choice to fill a void in the market. She explained, "There were a few hat makers around, but no one was doing fashion collections ... I was very fortunate to have a very keen following of emerging models who loved my hats. They gave me lots of advice too and opportunities to showcase my work. I always say that without the encouragement from friends and customers, I would never have persevered with hat making in SL. It is not for the faint of heart."

No matter what led them to making hats, the fashionistas of Second Life are grateful to have options beyond a ball cap, a fedora, or a straw hat.

Whence the Hat?

Just as with any artistic endeavour from music to painting to architecture to fashion, inspiration comes from many



Model:
Jewell Ember

Designer:
Couture
Chapeau

Design
Coutur

ter:
re Chapeau



Model: Selene Snowpaw

places. Many designers in both our first and second lives look to others for inspiration, like jazz musicians riffing on a line of melody, or rap artists sampling from another song; they take their inspiration and transform it into something new.

Foxclaw finds inspiration everywhere. “I try on hats in real life any time I get near a hat shop or department. My husband is resigned to the fact that if there is a hat in the store, I’ll find it and want to try it on.” She takes a lot of photos and researches trends, follows the runway shows and haunts Pinterest. Straaf also relies heavily on research, as historical accuracy is important for her work; however, nature plays a role. “The colour combinations I choose are frequently influenced by bouquets of flowers. I am attracted to beautiful things and they, in turn, inspire me.”

London finds her inspiration from her real life love of hats and by working with her partner, Balthazar Fouroux, who executes her flights of fancy. She has been inspired by the ballet, by champagne, and by celebrities, doing collections centered on hat fashion icons like Sophia Loren, Princess Diana, and Isabella Blow. Her most recent collection, En Plein Air, was inspired by gardens from around the world.

Nature is a common inspiration.

Vlodovic finds her inspiration in flowers and plants. Larnia, building on ideas from real life fashion, looks to nature for her creative spark. She takes many photos around her city to serve as inspiration.

Where an idea begins is not always where it ends up. Many artists describe their process as an evolution. Machoire put it very well. “Sometimes I will see something which will trigger an idea and will be the foundation of a new design. For me, the design process is evolutionary. As I start to design, I get new ideas, and the finished product is quite often very different from the original idea.”

Whither the Hat?

Given that there are few people creating hats, it is fortunate that they pursue vastly different aesthetic visions in their creations. Straaf, of Hatpins, focuses on historically accurate headgear from yesteryear, and Couture Chapeau’s London produces hats that reflect retro and real world inspirations. Meanwhile, Foxclaw produces more casual headgear for Xen’s hats.

Going in the opposite direction, Vlodovic’s designs for LODE are romantic, bold headdresses with a modern exaggerated abundance. Gyorgyna Larnia of LaGyo and Machoire both go for wild and extravagantly avant garde

designs. Larnia's are more delicate and feminine, while Machoire's designs are regal and demanding. These varied visions ensure that shoppers will be able to find what they are looking for, so long as they look in the right place.

clamation of individuality, and an absolute must in some polite societies. It can be a confidence booster. It can pull an outfit together, or clash outrageously and wonderfully," according to Straaf, who knows that hats are well worth the

A hat elevates an ordinary look into something extraordinary and stylish. Without a hat, you are wearing clothes. With a hat, you are wearing a look.

As wearing a hat often requires a bit of editing skill and patient trial and error testing of one hairstyle after another, why do people bother with hats at all? It goes back to Martha Sliter's quote, "A piece of magic is a hat." Many looks are incomplete without a hat. A hat elevates an ordinary look into something extraordinary and stylish. Without a hat, you are wearing clothes. With a hat, you are wearing a look.

According to Vlodovic, a hat "makes you special. It makes you stand out and defines your style." For Larnia, a hat "enhances beauty and completes the outfit. You won't need anything else if you have a hat."

"A hat is a fashion statement, a pro-

effort of finding and editing the right hair.

London agrees. "My tagline for my brand is "Make A Statement In A Hat from Couture Chapeau," and that is exactly why hats are important to fashion. They elevate fashion beyond trends to a look with real style. Hats make you stand out, whether in RL or SL, and it takes courage to wear them."

Foxclaw, from Xen's Hats, summed it up, "It doesn't matter what you're wearing, a hat is the finishing touch. It completes the look. A hat can give an air of authority, polish, self-confidence, or a jaunty attitude. It can be part of a uniform for police officers or military personnel, among others. A hat can be protective for fire fighters or construc-



Designer: Couture Chapeau



Model: Selene Snowpaw



Model:
Jewell Ember

Designer: LaGyo



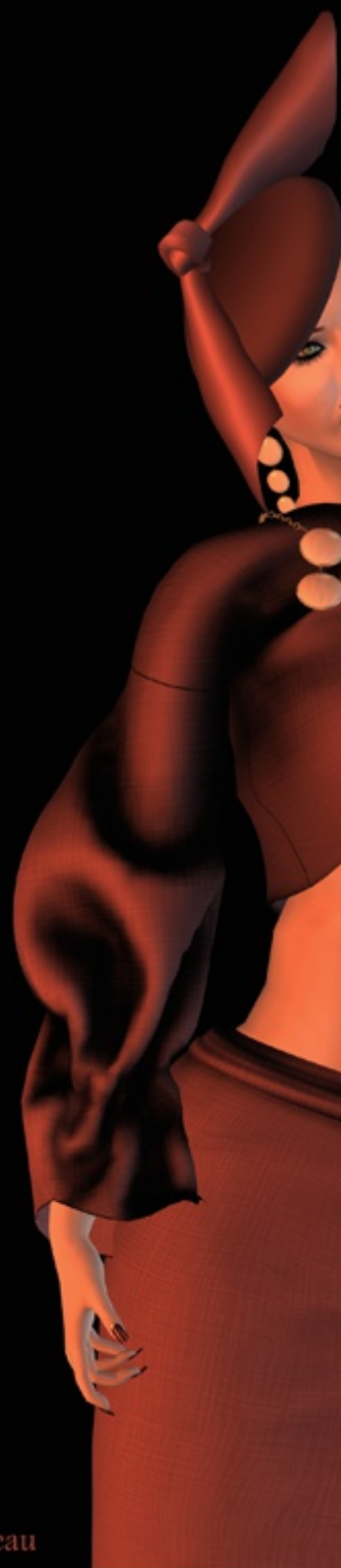
Model:
Selene
Snowpaw

Designer: LODE



Designer: LaGyo

Model: Selene Snowpaw



Designer:
Couture Chapeau



Model:
Selene Snowpaw



Designer:
Couture Chapeau

Model:
Selene Snowpaw

tion workers or medical staff. It can be a sign of office or of modesty or religion. A hat can tell us so much about the wearer by the style, color, and tilt. That man is a fisherman or that woman wants protection from the sun to help her keep that lovely skin. That woman likes vintage clothing or that man may be from a southwestern state. Pick your hat according to the function you need or the statement you want to make about yourself - - somebody is looking.”

For this article, we talked to Chirzaka Vlodovic (chirzaka.vlodovic) of LODE, Gyorgyna Larnia of LaGyo, Chigadee London of Couture Chapeau, Machoire of Machoire, Reghan Straaf of Hatpins, and Xenobia Foxclaw of Xen’s Hats.

Hat Wearing Tips

1. Take advantage of hair bases. Often a hair base is all you will need.
2. Look for styles without flyaway hair that stay close to the crown.
3. Don’t be afraid to edit. Make a copy



of the original hair. Select edit linked parts and move individual strands out of your way.

4. Save your work. If you have edited a hair to work well with a hat, keep that hair in the folder with the hat so you do not have to do it again.

Directory

Hatpins - Reghan Straaf - Victorian and Edwardian hats - <http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Jardin%20Tropical/96/11/23>



Xen's Hats - Xenobia Foxclaw - Casual Hats

<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Xentilx/57/179/43>

Couture Chapeau - Chigadee London - Retro and High fashion hat -

<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Xentilx/57/179/43>

LODE - Chirzaka Vlodovic - High Fashion, Avant Garde

<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Mandalay%20Cove/96/161/2501>

LaGyo - Gyorgyna Larnia - High Fashion, Avant Garde

<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Love%20dAlliez/81/191/26>

Machoire - Machoie - Avant Garde -

<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Spiritual%20Reboot/95/97/3001>

Oblivion - Albakruna - Historial Reproductions - <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dandelion/96/185/23>

Finesmith - Yula Finesmith - Avant Garde - <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Orage%20Creations/38/28/24>

Bliensen & MaiTai - Plurabelle Laszlo - Vintage and Retro - <http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/Essex/35/118/23>

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photography
jami mills

Jaily Bailey

On the Road to Superman

An interview by
StarGazer Daylight

odel



Photography by
Jami Mills

I always am impressed when people, well avatars at least, that I know go from seemingly nowhere to suddenly somewhere. Don't you, sometimes? And when they do, it's always nice that they still stay friendly or approachable. It doesn't seem that way in RL, so maybe in that way SL has some advantages.

Along these lines, I recently had the chance to meet up with and interview an avatar on the road to supermodel status. It was only yesterday when she was just plain Jaily Bailey. But now, she has moved along, and swiftly I might add. She just recently became a runner-up in the very prestigious Miss Virtual World competition. It is no small feat. That follows on the heels of other great work, including winning SL's Next Top Model where I had been asked to judge, but other responsibilities made that impossible.

But still I wanted to share my talk with you, the readers of *rez Magazine*, to show the more human side of models in SL. I hope you will agree with me.

- - -

StarGazer Daylight: Let me first begin by noting that I am familiar with you and am quite happy for your increasing success. I hope people get to know you better after this article.

Jaily™ (jaily.bailey): Thank you for your kind words, Star. I hope so too.

SD: You've very welcome. There are so many things to talk about, but let me first begin with your interest in being a model in SL. What got you interested, or have you always been interested?

JB: Actually, it's interesting how I found my way to where I am today. I think it best that I give you a bit of my history first.

SD: I was going to go there, so please do tell.

JB: I found SL in June of 2007. A friend of mine in RL had discovered it and encouraged me to join. She gave me 1000 Lindens to start building my avatar. In those days, when you started out, you were completely gray and had to find your own skins, etc. The Freebie Dungeon was the place to hang out and find all those gestures, clothes, scripts, etc, without any idea of how to work with them.

SD: I do remember those days.

JB: For the first year, she taught me the lay of the land, so to speak. After that, I started to wander the halls of SL and explored a few sims. I was amazed at the creativity I'd seen in SL, even more so these days. So I explored for about three years until I discovered I could

build my own things.

SD: What first drew you to modeling though? And how long ago, since you have been on SL for just over eight years.

JB: I joined Builders Brewery, and took classes for beginners, which ranged from making Halloween decorations, to learning a bit about GIMP and PhotoShop. I enjoyed it immensely and at one time had three little stores. But over time, I got bored with what I was building and wanted to try something new, I just didn't know what yet. I had a friend who was a builder, a store owner and was a male model for a few years. One day, he and I were chatting, and I told him I was ready for a new adventure. He suggested I try modeling. He directed me to Mimmi Boa Modeling Academy. I graduated after six weeks, and I already had my sights on another academy, so I joined Miss Virtual World. I met many new friends, and found my niche in SL. I have never



been happier than I am now.

SD: How long ago was that Jaily?

JB: I graduated from MBMA in March 2014, and from MVW in July 2015. In between, I took other classes, casted for fashion shows and a contest or two. I didn't always get chosen, but the experience was incredibly helpful.

SD: Great! I knew you went to Mimmi



Boa Modeling Academy, Miss SL Academy, Miss Virtual World Modeling Academy and now Dallas Modeling Academy. Whew! That is a lot of work. Could you tell us in which order and why you went to each one? Also, what in particular did you like about each one, if you can say so?

JB: MBMA was first, Miss SL Academy (formerly One To One Modeling Tutelage Academy), Miss Virtual World Modeling Academy, and currently Dallas Modeling Academy (DMA).

SD: *Any thoughts about what you liked about any one of them?*

JB: I liked MBMA because it was only a six-week course and I felt it was a great way to get find out if the modeling world was for me. The courses were longer at the other academies, but still very enjoyable.

SD: *You are now being represented by three Modeling Agencies, IMAGE FASHION AGENCY, Solo EVANE Model Agency and Siren Productions. Why so many and what do each offer to you?*

JB: IMAGE FASHION AGENCY was recently created by MVW, and all new graduates are automatically invited into the group. Solo EVANE Model Agency is no longer running. Siren Productions is quite busy with fashion shows

and projects, including Penumbra, which makes it exciting.

SD: *Thanks. That is good to know.*

JB: :)

SD: *You have had great successes already as a model. What do you feel has been your most personal achievement, not necessarily the most highly touted one, as a model?*

JB: My most personal achievement is becoming an official candidate in the Miss Virtual World 2016 pageant. It was a huge goal for me and I'm very proud of myself. Hard work really does pay off.

SD: *I am so glad for you. You are representing Curaçao, a Dutch Caribbean island known for its expansive coral reefs, teeming with rich marine life and its beaches tucked into romantic coves. Willemstad is the capital of Aruba. Sounds cool. Why Curacao? That quote is from you by the way!*

JB: When I became an official candidate after the first audition, we were asked to write down three countries which we wanted to represent. Mine were: 1. France; 2. The Netherlands; and 3. Curacao. My heritage is Dutch, but I have been to both France and Holland. I chose Curacao because if I wasn't able to get the first two coun-

tries, at least Curacao is a Dutch colony. It is an island nation under the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

SD: OK. Now it makes sense.

JB: So I am very proud to still be able to represent my Dutch heritage in this way.

SD: It must have made you have a little bit of vertigo to be a contestant in the Miss Virtual World 2016 contest. Can you share your thoughts on how you felt at first and now that you are more accomplished?

JB: *Chuckles* The audition was held at 10am SLT, which is 3am for me because I live in

Australia. After the audition was over, I climbed into bed and slept for six hours. When I logged into Facebook later that day, I saw all the congratulations from well-wishers on my page. I was speechless and so very excited at the same time. I still pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming.

SD: Tell us something about what makes you different from other models, or should I say supermodels?

JB: All models, whether they are top models or supermodels, are respectful, helpful, creative and innovative. Each model has their own unique characteristic which could be their styling, their

photography, their posing, etc. All models started at the beginning and some have shone far more quickly than others, but they happily state they will never stop learning and are quite helpful to those who may become overwhelmed.

SD: Sure. That is all models. But what makes Jaily unique, if at all?

JB: What makes me unique is a personal opinion because I set my own goals while watching others, researching trends, and challenging myself to do more styles which are out of my element. For example, lately my styles are either avant garde, futuristic, or old glamour.

SD: Nice. Recently, while doing my research on you I ran across this quote:

*“For beautiful eyes, look for the good in others;
for beautiful lips, speak only words of kindness;
and for poise, walk with the knowledge that you
are never alone.”* Audrey Hepburn

SD: May I ask what it means to you?

JB: Ah, Audrey ... a lovely Dutch woman and was a movie legend.

SD: Oh, was she Dutch too??

JB: To me, that quote means that beauty is not just external. Beauty comes from within and in many ways ... be kind to everyone, not just friends and family ... be helpful to those who are in need without judgment ... be proud of your accomplishments, but remember you are never too old to learn.

Isn't that just a lovely answer to a lovely quote by a lovely woman?! But she had more to say about the beautiful Ms. Hepburn.

JB: She was born in Belgium, but she lived in Holland when she was a young girl.

SD: I think you display many of these characteristics and I do confess I know you!

JB: Smiles* Thank you so much, Star. You are very kind to say so.



SD: Let me ask you about Miss Virtual World some more. Tell me the process to get into the contest and to be successful. I mean not everyone can achieve anything even close to that, to be honest.

JB: I just look at myself as a person who wants to share what I learned, and perhaps in some way can encourage others



to take advantage of what SL has to offer, because there is far more to Second Life than sitting in a club or wandering around on sims to find

something to do.

SD: Yes. It sometimes takes a while for people to learn that!

JB: The process for entering pageants is basically the same. You are required to fill out an online application form and submit it via email. At that time, a headshot is also required. If the applicant is successful through the application and photo, an invitation is sent for a live audition. Some pageants have two auditions, some do three. It just depends on their protocol.

SD: But MVW is no low-level contest. What do you think separates the cream from the dream? What do you think they are looking for?

JB: In my personal opinion, it is important to have taken at least one full academic course in modeling because it teaches about styling, posing, and the

always fun plastic surgery. To have a basis of these main elements would definitely be a good start.

SD: That makes sense, of course.

JB: I believe they look for many aspects in a potential candidate. Again, it is not just about beauty on the outside or knowing how to style an outfit. It entails poise, loyalty, compassion, empowerment, creativity, innovation, education, and most importantly it is respect for everyone.

SD: Nice. Let me talk a bit more about you again. You have so many great pictures on your Flickr page. I really like the one in the Martini glass, so old school. Playboy if I am right. The close-up from the MVW 2016 and the Miss Kelini 2015 with the falling leaves are especially notable too, as well as the black and gold ball gown the Carolina Dress I believe in Glam Dreams. Lots to look at.

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/118419428@N03/>

JB: Oh, my gosh. That martini glass photo is such an old photo, but it was a fun one. Those were during my "discovering my photography" era. It's interesting to see how I've changed so much since January 2014. I don't mean to sound snobbish, but when I do look back on my very first photos, I just wince. Someday, I will do a collage of

sorts on Facebook to show me "before" and "now." I'm curious to see what reaction I'll get. And yes, the Carolina Dress was Glam Dreams. It was my first fashion show, and I was thrilled to be picked. It also holds a special time in my modeling life because it was where I met Suki Rexen for the first time.

SD: I think they are great, all part of your personality and your development. Your look now is very chic and avant garde, maybe a bit punk or Debbie Harry from Blondie, for those who are not aware.

JB: *Smiles* Thank you, Star. Yes, I could see Debbie Harry dressed this way, and I have done a few stylings in the past as tribute to some of my favorite movie stars. I did a tribute to Dorothy Dandridge on Flickr, and I'm still quite proud of it. I've always been a huge fan of Marilyn Monroe and I have styled her often, in various fashions.

SD: Most people, women, are fans of Marilyn if they aren't jealous. Whereas, I dare say, not that many people know Dorothy Dandridge. Can you tell us a word about her for those who don't know who she was?

JB: Dorothy Dandridge was an African-American movie actress back in the 50s and 60s. Her most famous role was in the movie Carmen Jones, based on the Broadway musical of the same



name. She was the first African-American actress to be nominated for an Academy Award. Can you tell I'm an old movie buff?

SD: Yes. And I am glad to let my readers know a little bit about her. That makes for a more interesting and educational article:

<https://jailybailey.wordpress.com/2015/02/09/a-tribute-to-dorothy-dandridge/>

<http://jailybailey.wordpress.com>

SD: It seems like your WordPress page has so much organization and work put into it. The lists of what you have on, I forget the word for them, are so valuable. Why do you do it? Do you know how many followers you have there?

JB: I'm a stickler for organization. Even my SL inventory is all categorized. When I blog, I try to use as many keywords as I can because it helps when other bloggers are searching for something in particular. I am unsure how many followers I have at the moment, but I do

know my website gets at least 30 hits per day. This makes me very happy.

SD: Excellent. I am impressed. Can you think of any specific advice for avatars wanting to be models in SL?

JB: My first advice to anyone wishing to become a model is, read about each academy and agency you can to see

which one fits best for you. I say this because some models only want to do print modeling, or perhaps, runway modeling ... so it's best to find out first. Also, start hoarding system clothing because you will need them to mix and match with mesh clothing. When I think back to some of the great layer clothing I deleted, I could just cry because I really could use some of those items now.

SD: Sure. The risk you run I guess when you delete things, unlike most of us who are hoarders!!

JB: Hahahaha. Yes, I guess so, Star. I think the most important advice I can give for anyone wishing to become a model is that it takes dedication and a lot of hard work, but it's definitely worth it.

SD: Can I ask you your favorite stores for clothes, hair, nails, shoes, shapes? Just some examples are fine.

JB: Gosh that's a tough question.
Laughs

SD: The readers want to know some examples! I know you have some favs!

JB: I really don't have favorites, but I can list some stores which are popular in the modeling world ... Azul, Chop Zuey, Zibska, TRUTH Hair, Argrace Hair, Wicca's Wardrobe, Dead Dolls. I

hope I didn't step on anyone's toes. And yes, there are some places that I go to first, but that's my secret.

SD: OK. Lol. We are almost done. Are there any people who you wish to thank, special people? I realize this could be a long list, but maybe your best teacher or helper.

JB: There are so many people who have influenced me greatly, in many good ways. I have a special friend who has





to make any comments here for the record?

JB: As an animal lover myself, and the proud owner of a haughty, fluffy feline, animal cruelty is abhorrent to me. I am still shocked and deeply saddened by the news of the lion [She was referring to the recently killed Cecil the Lion from Zimbabwe]. I'm close to weeping at this very moment just thinking about it.

SD: *Touching. Thank you! Well, I know it is late in Australia where you are. You are a beautiful person and a beautiful avatar. I just want to thank you for that and wish you the best. Thanks so much for taking this time to be interviewed. We consider it an honor to have you in the next edition. Best of luck! XO.*

always been there for me, supported me and my career, and encourages me when I'm feeling a bit overwhelmed. I have had many great teachers, and also some who weren't my teachers but still helped me if I was stuck or needed direction. Of course, I am grateful to the male model who nudged me into modeling, and he continues to watch me grow.

SD: *I see in your profile that you stand against animal cruelty. Would you care*

There it is, a taste of an avatar who after several years of just being Jaily, is now well on her way to becoming a supermodel. I hope you found this interesting, and agree with me that she seems truly interesting and easy to talk to. See you soon. XO.

Stargazer Daylight

· r — e — z ·



After Dark Lounge

at idle rogue (72, 52, 2488)

CONTACT: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
Facebook.com/rhispoem

So I

Good night to the rif as well as the raf,
those who splish and those who splash,
those who dish the trash,
attending our bash
with an itching rash,

Good night to those who are strapped for cash.

Good night to those who nibble, quibble, dribble
and illegibly scribble.

Good night to those who dabble,
those who dabble,
those who love to play scrabble,
those who raise cattle,
those who spank it with a paddle,
those who run and tattle,
those who bitch and prattle.

Good night to those who have won the battle.

Good night to the
those wh
the artists wh
suffer an
the artists w
souls sufferin
the artists
those suff

Good night to the
hun
yet found forg

Good night to the
violen
yet found p

Good night to the
hatre
yet found

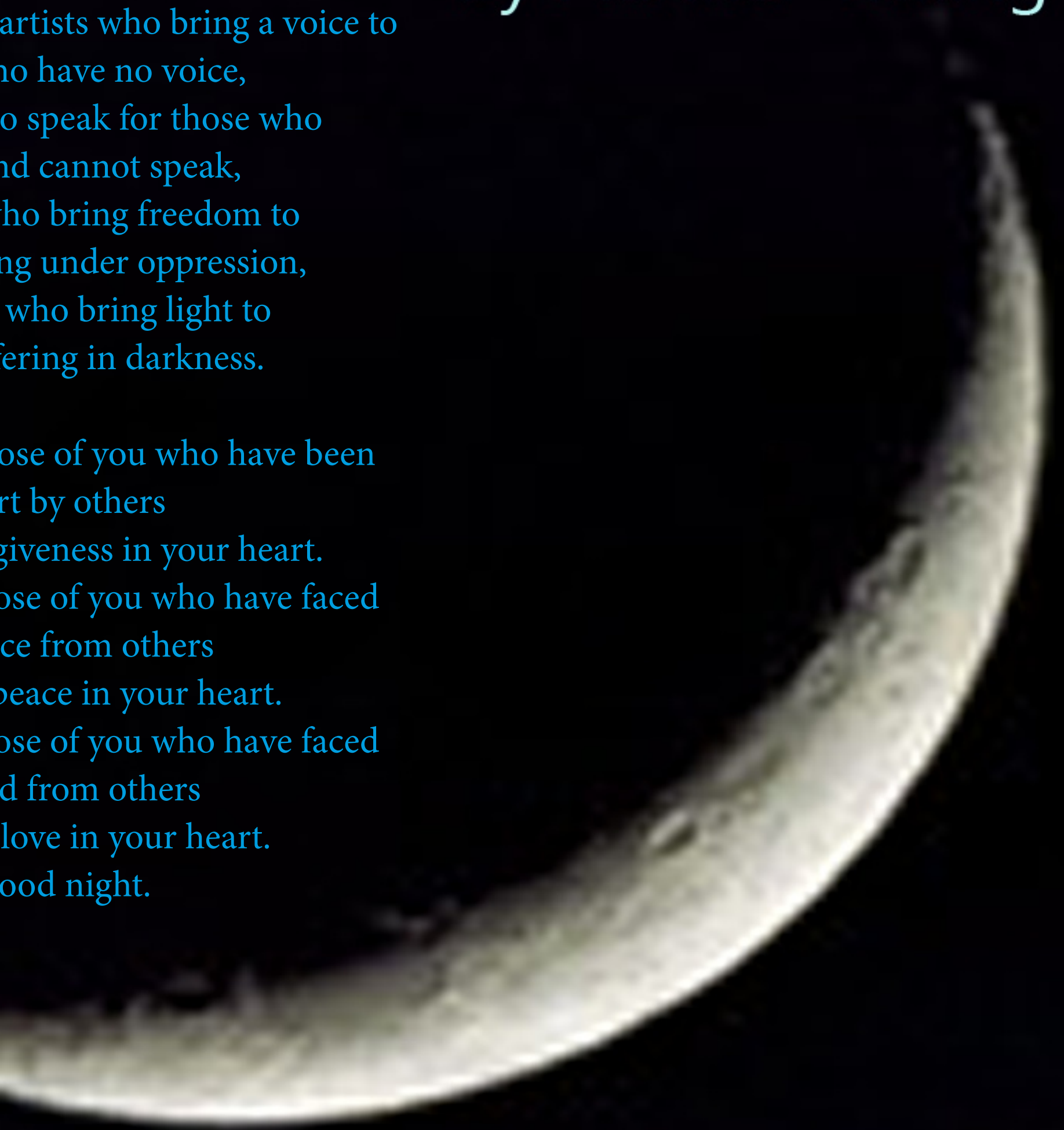
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Long and Good Night ...

by Mariner Trilling

artists who bring a voice to
who have no voice,
who speak for those who
and cannot speak,
who bring freedom to
living under oppression,
who bring light to
living in darkness.

those of you who have been
hurt by others
forgiveness in your heart.
those of you who have faced
rejection from others
peace in your heart.
those of you who have faced
betrayal from others
love in your heart.
Good night.



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